Illustrations by ALBERT LEVERING



Tom Trapdrum's Toddle Tappers



The Jazzbo Jubilators



Clarence Clarinet's Cacophonists

cording room. Several hours may be con-

sumed in determining which Jubilator will

be nearest the horn. A saxophone soloist who

strays a few inches back from his post in the

exuberance of his playing may necessitate a

repetition of the "Blues." Master records of

the "Blues" are made without end. One record

now on the market was made sixteen times be-

fore the disk satisfied the requirements of the

Although phonographs in record cata-

logues give the impression that the Jazzbo

Jubilators record with the pianist lying on

the floor, the clarinetist performing a shimmy

and the cornets pumping cadenzas into each

other's ears, such scenes somehow fail to

occur in the laboratory. The Jubilators are

a workmanlike crowd of instrumentalists. The

fantastic costumes which appear in the pic-

tures are not to be seen in the laboratory.

Shirt sleeves seem to be the standard wear,

and in hot weather shirts may be de trop.

Fashion note: It may not be proper to go

Any father who is looking for a career for

his son might do well to raise his boy to be a

Jubilator. The Jubilators record for a dozen

companies. Sometimes the Jubilators masquer-

ade under several names. If you have detect-

ed a similarity between the records made by

the Jubilators and Tom Trapdrum's Toddle

Tappers and Clarence Clarinet's Cacophonists,

do not charge one of these organizations with

servile imitation. They may play identic

notes. One company may acquire all rights

variations in records by the same players may

startle you. You never can tell-but the

Phonographs make strange bedfellows, and so

two fellows are stranger in one bed than the

two selections which may be on opposite sides

of the same disk. The head of a phonograph

recording laboratory is haunted at all hours

by phantoms known to the trade as "mechani-

cal men." These ubiquitous salesmen are

publishers' representatives, who are assigned

to the task of inducing phonograph companies

to record their output. Their game is not so

much to get a hit recorded as to plant a com-

monplace on the same disk with one. The

law sets a definite royalty which must be

paid to the publisher for every record sold.

and if "Hot Tamale Rose," of which no one

ever heard, is doubled with "Dardanella," the

proprietor of the unknown selection will

achieve a moderate fortune by the connec-

horn will.

to the Jubilators' name, in which case the

further, but sometimes the Jubilators do.

VER the doors of a phonograph recording laboratory there might be an

"Here shall ye wax and wane." For one vocalist or instrumentalist who has waxed successfully hundreds have waned. The cornucopia through which the artist's tones pass to the mysterious medium known slangily as "wax" is a horn of plenty for the few only. Those who record well enough to make an impression not only on the wax but on the conclaves that decide whose disks shall be marketed find more than contracts or royalties in the horn of plenty. Theirs is the opportunity to prove to a critical world and to a skeptical posterity that their performance lives up to the rhapsodies of their press

Entry to the temples where graven images of voices are made is difficult for performers and almost impossible for the layman. Recording rooms are sacred ground, and the priests indulge in all manner of ceremony save one. There is no ceremony about expelling intruders. If the acolytes of the switchboard and the vestal virgins of the outer offices fail to divert the footsteps of the seeker after truth or gossip, it is not unlikely that the guardian of the shrine, in person, will exorcise the adventurous spirits who would enter. It is only occasionally that one who has no direct communication to make to the horn is permitted to stray into the precincts.

Having somehow gained access to the reording room, the visitor will be somewhat surprised that the atmosphere of solemnity which hedges it from without is absent within At one end of the chamber is the horn of plenty, projecting from a screen behind which is the recording mechanism. Sound screens, tilted at various angles, make the place look like a cubist drawing room. Near the ceiling is a gridiron of thin girders, from which dangle clips to hold music. When an orchestra is performing from scores placed in these clips, the general impression is one a band interpreting a symphony written down on fly paper.

Channing Chanson, let us say, the young American tenor-all American tenors are "young"-has applied for permission to make a test record. The laboratory happens to be free, and Mr. Chanson, having proved by press notices and letters hailing him as the only logical successor to Caruso, that he is vocally, intellectually and possibly eugenically fit to be a phonograph artist, is invited to abandon all hope and to enter the studio.

"What will you sing?" inquires the functionary in charge.

"The aria from 'Pagliacci,' " responds Chanson, and without further explanation he begins to intone "Vesti la giubba, e la

He is halted here for a conference. Recording is an industry, and therefore cannot be carried on without frequent conferences. The upshot of the conference is that Chanson will try "Mother Machree" for his first test. "Just step up to the horn and sing," coun-

sels the director. "That's all. Wait till you here a buzz from behind the screen, and then let 'er go."

Channing strikes an effective attitude and waits. Comes the buzz. Channing looks about.

"Go ahead," urges the director, in a ferocious whisper.

Channing clears his throat and warbles the eulogy of Irish maternity. As he takes his

last note-falsetto; he would be dismissed on the spot did he dare to sing it in his natural oice comes an unemotional "That's all" from the director. "Now we'll hear it back," remarks the

There is a scraping sound from behind the

"Ugh! R-r-r-!" begins the record. "Shouldn't have coughed," comments the

The record continues:

"Thassas pottin mahar thanno collin mayo; Thassa deafin masoul thassna sounda dor

And ends:

"Ow, Gablassyo 'nkeep yo. "Mahtha Machree-ee!"

Chanson tries to conceal his reactions, and director does likewise. There is a silence. mally the director speaks.

"All right," he addresses the mechanic beand the screen. "Scrape it off. We'll try

He turns to Chanson.

"That was an excellent first attempt," he tents. "Many great singers haven't done as well on the first trial, Your voice sounded and your high note, were strained. Your diction was absolutely unintelligible. Your phrasing was incorrect and your breathing was choppy. Still, I've heard worse."

"I didn't think it did me justice," murmurs "Oh, it's a splendid reproduction of your

singing," remarks the director, amiably. "Now, try again and watch your diction. Make your tone a little more nasal. It records better. And when you sing the vowel "oo," as in 'you,' make it 'eeyoo.' Otherwise it'll

Chanson is shocked at this last suggestion. "You" sung as "eeyoo" is the distinguishing mark of the cabaret side-mouth tenor. But some vagary of the wax

or the horn makes the distortion of the vowel necessary for successful recording. There is one tenor, who really is a good singer, who began his career as a vocalist in the phonograph laboratories, and who still grieves the judicious by his addiction to eyes of "bleoo" when he appears on the stage.

A repetition of "Mother Machree" is more encouraging, although the director again bids it be "scraped."

"Once more," he urges, "and we'll make a pressing of it."

A pressing, he explains, is a disk made from the original master record.

Chanson again expounds the virtues of "Mother Machree," and the director bows him out, with an invitation to call again next week.

If the various committees and sub-committees which order such matters decide that Chanson's test record is acceptable the singer is nominated to make a disk for commercial release.

When Chanson arrives at the laboratory to make his risk with orchestral accompaniment he finds a novelty

in the shape of a violin which is not a violin. The ordinary neck and strings are present, but the familiar body is replaced by a metal structure, which looks like a horn. Many recording directors prefer these instruments to Strads. Chanson stands close to the horn, with the director at his side and the musicians arrayed from four to forty feety away. The violins and the wind instruments crowd him, and the "darker" noise makers, such as the trombones, are behind him in the distance.

There is a rehearsal, and then the buzz from behind the screen announces that a record is about to be made.

The orchestra plays its introduction, and Chanson hurls his voice into the horn. Suddenly he hears ironic discords from the band. Then silence. Then laughter. He wheels about angrily.

"What the"-"You sang flat on that high one," explains

the director calmly. "We'll start in again." Chanson repeats the selection, this time, if he is fortunate, without interruption.

"Just a minute," observes the director; "we'd better make a few more masters."

cause one tone is off key. There was one concert singer who was famous for his art rather than for his voice, but he determined to make at least one record to show that he, too, could bellow to split and to gratify the ears of the groundling. He bellowed a thrilling high note into the horn; but he bellowed so uproariously that the recording needle dug too deeply into the wax. The result was a wabbly shriek, and the supreme effort was wasted.

The beauty or the power of a voice in the concert hall or on the stage is not necessarily an index to its availability for recording. A voice that is "dark" may be a sensuous deone of the most effective performers before Ordinarily the voice records fairly accur-

"With proper recording methods," says one

expert, "the phonograph will give back exactly what you put into it."

. Comedians, however, often disappoint record buyers. Grimaces and quaint motions of the body are of little use in the recording laboratory except to amuse the mechanics. One comic, who, it is said, can "make" any song merely by singing it, found that a new technique of delivery was necessary for recording. The records were good, but they

weren't characteristic, and the purchasers were suprised to find that their idol was merely a singer when he appeared in disk form.

of recording, but if he had been a dance orchestra making popular songs his bewilderment would have increased several kilometers. A jazz record requires as much preparation as half a dozen standard operatic soli. Orchestrating a current ditty for the records is an art of its own. Walter Haenschen, one of the greatest specialists in this field, sometimes spends several days scoring a fox trot for half a dozen instruments. At one time it was considered sufficient to have the band play a verse and two choruses, but to-day the companies are competing to see who can produce the most symphonic jazz music. A recently issued record of a tune from a musical comedy began with a goodly stretch of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

When the Jazzbo Jubilators, as this organization shall be known, arrive at the laboratory to record

they may have rehearsed the morceau sufficiently to step into the laboratory and blare it at the horn. It may be that a special arrangement of the classic has been prepared for them, in which event there are rehearsals which may continue for several hours. If the Jazzbo Jubilators are union musicians, these rehearsals are watched with fervid interest

by the financial officers of the company. When "The Bathhouse Blues" are adequately rehearsed, the Jubilators retire to the re-

Chanson was perplexed at the intricacy

"These pluggers," observes one recording man, "will do anything to win your favor. If I fell for them I'd never have to pay for a meal, a show or a week end. They'll supply you with eigarettes, hats, liquors, wives-any-"The Bathhouse Blues," thing you want."

These stratagems are less subtle than the wiles employed by singers and instrumentalists who feel that a phonograph company will never rise to distinction without their services. Many ambitious novices come to laboratories with commendatory letters from local record dealers. Usually, the net result is the loss of one customer for the dealer, but at least one celebrated phonograph star arrived via the shop route. About fifteen years ago this man walked into a record emporium and requested permission to play a disk which he had brought with him. The dealer was surprised at the beauty of the voice and asked

"I made that record abroad," said the visitor, "when I was studying."

The dealer took the singer to the company's headquarters, and the man developed into one of the most popular recorders that ever sang into a horn.

Singing teachers frequently direct aspirants to laboratories, and successful disk makers often can be induced to give letters to companies. Volunteers rarely disclose any talents that commend them to the officials in charge. Even when the test records are passable the applicants cannot understand why there would be no commercial value in them.

"But I'm very popular at home!" is the general rebuttal. "Everybody in Port Chester will buy my records."

Every day brings inspired letters to phonograph companies exalting some obscure per-

One solution for the omnipresent desire for immortality in wax has been found by a laboratory which supplies "personal service" for any one who can afford it. Here the logical successor to Caruso and the twentieth century Jenny Lind may make records to the limit of their economic ability. For the beginner who wishes to have disks of the voica the best advice is for him to roll his own.

## THE EARLIEST LEAGUE OF NATIONS

By Elizabeth Gannon

N INCIDENT of President Harding's recent participation in the Pilgrim tercentenary celebrations at Plymouth, Mass., was a meeting of the President and Mrs. Charlotte Mitchell, a direct descendant of Chief Massasoit, the Pilgrims' stanchest Indian friend.

Chief Massasoit, according to historical records, was one of the promulgators of the first "league of nations covenant" to which Americans were a party. This first peace covenant and league of nations was ratified in America in 1621. The conference was held at Plymouth in March of that year, The resulting organization was strictly an American league, between the aboriginal redskins and the Anglo-Saxon invaders, It was kept without amendment for fifty years,

The preliminary council, the drafting and ratification were all concluded within a week, The covenant included reparation, Article VI

contains provision for the beginning of universal disarmament. The record reveals that the "savage" not only ratified, but took the initiative in drawing up the covenant and

Chanson may spend three or four hours

making "masters" of a single aria. From a

group of master records one is selected as

the disk from which the finished product is to

be struck. Chanson probably complains that

the particular master chosen fails to show the

full glory of his powers. Frequently there

are master records which show certain phases

of a singer's ability to the delight of the

vocalist, but which are thrown out because

a violin came in at the wrong moment or be-

The meeting's origin and substance cannot be better presented than in the words of the record in Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantations." as follows:

"The Indians came skulking about them and would sometimes shows themselves aloofe of, but when any approach near them, they would rune away. And once they stoale away their tooles, wher they had been at worke, and were gone to diner. But about the 16, of March a certaine Indian came bouldly amongst them, and spoke to them in broken English, which they could well understand, but marvelled at it, At length they understood by discourse with him, that he was not of these parts, but belonged to the easterne parts, wher some English-ships came to fhish, with whom he was acquainted and could name sundrie of them by their names, amongst whom he had gett his language. He became profitable to them in acquainting them with many things concerning the state of the country in the east-parts wher he lived, which was afterwards profitable unto them; as also of the people hear, of their names, number, and strength; of their situation and distance from this place, and who was cheefe amongst them. His name was Samaset; he told them also of another Indian whos name was Squanto, a native of this place who had been in England and could speake better English than himselfe. Being after sometimes of entertainment and gifts, dismist, a while he came againe, and 5. more with him, and they brought againe all the tooles that were stolen away before, and made way for the coming of their great Sachem, called Massasoyt; who, about 4, or 5, days after, came with the cheefe of his friends and other attendance, with the aforesald Squanto, with whom, after friendly entertainment, and some gifts given him, they made a peace with him in these terms. "1. That neither he nor any of his, should

light to the auditor and a torture for the re-

cording stylus. "White" tones, which horrify

vocal pundits, give a more even record. One

tenor, who always wins applause in public,

has never been a highly successful recorder,

because his voice is almost too vibrant for the

machine. However, the business has its com-

pensations. A singer whose recitals were re-

ceived with no great enthusiasm had that

peculiar quality in his voice that made him

injurie or doe hurte to any of the peopl,

"2. That if any of his did any hurte to any

of theirs, he should send the offender, that they might punish him.

"3. That if anything were taken away from any of theirs, he should cause it to be restored; and they should doe the like to his.

"4. If any did unjustly warr against him, they would aide him; if any did warr against them, he should aide them.

"5. He should send to his neighbors confederates, to certifie them of this, that they might not wrong them, but might be likewise comprised in the conditions of peace.

"6. That when ther men came to them, they should leave their bows and arrows behind them.

"After these things he returned to his place called Sowams, (on the present site of Warren, R. I.), some 40. mile from this place, but Squanto continued with them, and was their interpreter and was a spetiall instrument sent of God for their good beyond their expectations. He directed them how to set their corne, wher to take fish, and to procure other comodities, and was also their pilott to bring tem to unknown places for their profit and never left them till he dyed."



Phonographs make strange bedfellows, and no two fellows are stranger in one bed than the two selections which may be on opposite sides of the same disk. "Dardanella" and "Hot Tamale Rose," for example